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POETRY.

DISCOVERY.

[This poem was delivered before a literary club at College, July 5, 1810.]

ANALYSIS.

THE first generations of man were ignorant of foreign countries—Jason the first navigator—Invention of the mariner's compass—Gama, Columbus, Magellan, Anson, Cooke, &c. —The Russian adventurers across Behring's strait—Effects of discovery—It promotes civilization, and commerce, and religion—Some of the evils it has caused—Ruin of the Peruvians—The cruelty of Pizarro and his Spaniards avenged in the present state of Spain—Prospective view of America.

IN nature's infancy, his natal span
Prescribed its limits to primeval man.
Ages on ages rolled in gloom away,
In ignorance rose, to flourish and decay.
At length the boundless veil was rent in twain,
That hid the wonders of the spreading main.

* * * * *

Old JASON launched the venturous barge, that bore
His gallant followers to the Colchian shore.
Unfurled his sails, the first that ever waved,
Plied the firm oar, the stranger ocean braved.
Long on the doubtful wave the ship was tost,
And looks desponding told that hope was lost.
Night after night, and day succeeding day,
Wheeled their long hours, and tedious rolled away.

* * * * * *

At length the northern star, with twinkling light,
Showed verdant Colchis to their aching sight.
Unmoving star! although thy light supplied,
Through the clear skies a fixed, unmoving guide;
Yet when the clouds their mantle spread above,
In doubtful course the guideless vessels rove.
Till Flavio touched the polar steel, and gave
A constant pilot to the pathless wave.
GAMA, with this thy guide, thy fearless sails
Leave Europe's winds, to flap in Asian gales.
O'er seas, before unsailed, their passage shape,
Pursue the shore, and pass the extended cape.
Wonders on wonders meet thy roving eyes—
Blow purer gales, and smile serener skies.
Delicious perfumes fly on zephyr's wing,
And breathes the fragrance of eternal spring.
Refreshing dews reflect the morning beam;
No drenching rains descend, nor lightnings gleam.
No piercing blasts, from northern oceans, blow,
No sleety clouds diffuse their stores of snow.
Long summer days protract their happy hours,
And rosy pleasure dwells in shady bowers.
Thy crew reluctant turn the helm again,
To trace their wanderings back upon the main.
His little sails COLUMBUS next unfurled,—
Ploughed western waves, and found a western world.

Thou gallant man ! when all thy coward crew
Feared death, in every wintery blast that blew ;
And as they sailed the seas from Spain afar,
The needle wavered from the northern star ;
'Reft of thy guide, thou still pursuedst thy way,
Unmoved and steady as the God of day ;
Till western isles thy dazzled vision met,
Like twinkling emeralds in the sapphire set.
The wondering savage viewed the approaching bark,
As drowning giants gazed on Noah's ark.
    See bold Magellan every danger brave,
Where broad Pacifick rolls his countless wave ;
Spread his torn sail, to catch the eastern breeze,
Move round the cape, and plough through southern seas :
Where constant clouds the face of heaven deform,
And steady gales propel the beating storm.
With dauntless boldness face the savage foe,
Nor fear the winged poison of the bow.
And when death aimed his unresisted dart,
Advance to meet it, and expose his heart.
    Anson and Cooke, ye souls of precious mould !
Long may your deeds by loftier bards be told.
Long may the sober muse, with pensive eye,
Pause on your names, and heave a pitying sigh :
And long may future ages love to read
The gallant merit of each noble deed.
    But turn to later days, and trace afar
The fearless race, beneath the northern star.
With steel armed pole, their faithful staff, to guide
Their daring course o'er Behring's frozen tide.
See them, with steady step, each ice-hill scale,
And pass the chasm of each slippery vale :
Bend o'er some frowning height, and view below
The dark cold waves, in freezing current flow :
Far on the icy cliffs that towards them roll,
They eye the shaggy monsters of the pole.

Through ravening flocks proceed with glowing heart,
Faint with no labours, at no perils start ;
And when the ice-bound strait at length is past,
Leap with wild joy upon the northern waste.
Then hunt the silver fox the woods among,
While rings the desert with some Russian song,
And when the livelong six months day is done,
And long to stay, descends the setting sun,
Trim up the still bright lamp, inflame the stove,
And call o'er scenes of friendship and of love.
Or trace great Peter's life with honest pride,
Or think with tears how Paul's poor father died.
Dwell with fond pleasure on Bagration's name,
Or hang with rapture on Suvarov's fame.
In Lomonzov's page each passion trace—
Each changeful wandering of our fickle race.
Or yield to Shakspeare's rival* every thought,
How Peter laboured, and Suvarov fought ;
Forget the joys of love, so sweet I ween,
To pause on Sumorokov's magick scene.
And have so many heroes, nobly brave,
In vain defied the ocean's watery grave ?
In vain their fearless canvass spread afar,
To southern climates, or the northern star ?
Oh no ! *Discovery*, on refinement's tide,
Gives man's tall bark in prouder state to ride ;
Gives trade her marts with busier crowds to throng ;
Gives Labour's son to hum a merrier song ;
Gives India's produce to European shores ;
With western treasures swells European stores.

* * * * *

But chief, Discovery on the Savage beams
Religion's light, Salvation's happy themes ;
Bids his stained hand in suppliant gestures rise,
And calls repentance from his streaming eyes.

* Sumorokov.

Clears his mind's view, once dismal, drear, and dim,
Supplants the war-whop, by the chaunted hymn.
But though Discovery to the world have given
These western climes, and Christian souls to heaven;
Though trade's full canvass fly in quicker course;
And commerce stem the seas with sturdier force;
Yet must we pause, to view, in weeping mood,
The foul effusion of Peruvian blood.
Must curse Pizarro's unrelenting hand,
Which winged destruction all along the land.
But Spanish plains the day of vengeance show:
Peruvian wrongs demand Castalian woe.
Lo the French hero, from his throne afar,
Rolls o'er Pyrenees' rock the waves of war.
Proud Saragossa crumbles to the ground,
With arts embellished and with courage crowned.
In vain, though Palafox the phalanx lead,
Wave the broad standard and urge on his steed;
Though Gallick legions twice before him fled,
Though tramp his horsemen o'er their bravest dead;
Yet with recruited force the war returns,
The castle batters, aud the steeple burns.
Respects nor age, nor sex, with power elate,
Nor sheds one tear at Saragossa's fate.
You too, Girona, stopped the victor's car,
And stemmed, with steady hand, the tide of war;
But hosts on hosts besiege your armed walls,
While Guatimozin's ghost for vengeance calls.
In vain the patriot nerves his fearless arm,
E'en patriot valour quits its potent charm.
Unnumbered troops o'er gallant bands prevail,
And sad Girona finds resistance fail.
With proud submission yields her broken sword,
And quits her dwellings to the Gallick Lord.
From town to town the fury Frenchman flies:
In vain in vain the Spanish victims rise.

From Spain's life veins flows fast the purple flood,
To wash away Pizarro's sins in blood.

* * * * *

When Europe's fields no longer stream with blood,
And war no longer thunders on the flood :
When friendship's hand shall stretch across the main,
And jolly commerce weave her sail again :
When art and science, hand in hand, shall scan
The paths of active life, or secret man :
Then when to virtue homage shall be paid,
Which now to power, to rank, to wealth is made :
When honest hands shall wield the rods of state,
And the good man alone shall be the great :
When moral worth shall be the statesman's test,
And laws be written only in the breast :
Then shall the land Columbus brought to light
With older worlds assert an equal right.
Though last admitted to the march of time,
High soar its fame on eagle wings sublime.
Then let one pitying tear but steal away,
For those who live in this degenerate day.
Let patriots then benignantly allow
The claims of those who would be patriots now :
And, while the statesman of this day they scan,
Lament his fortune, but approve the man :
Of us such praise let future days express,
We claim no greater, and deserve no less.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

I WISH you, *****, a happy new year :
May your learning and wisdom improve,
May your morals and virtues become more sincere,
And to God more exalted your love.

" May your learning and wisdom, *****, improve"—
For our errour, in age, we shall find,
If, while young, in the vallies of pleasure we rove,
And neglect to embellish the mind.

" May your morals and virtues become more sincere"—
For learning, indeed, is but vain,
If the eye never glisten with sympathy's tear,
And the heart, save its own, feel no pain.

" To God more exalted and pure be your love"—
For in vain to be good do we strive,
If we fear not His judgments our faults to reprove,
If we hope not His mercy'll forgive.

And think not my wishes, *****, too grave,
Or too sober the thoughts I express ;
For than these, greater blessings you sure cannot have,
And God grant that you never have less.

Jan, 1, 1811.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

[The following ode, " if ode it might be called," is respectfully dedicated to the lady, who asked the author, if he wrote poetry.]

1

I presume that there lives, in the moon, an old man,
Who knows little or nothing of earth :
And indeed of us earth-folks know nothing he can,
For he's lived in the moon from his birth.

2

His father and mother—I know not their names,
Or whether they ever had any ;

No tax-bill on earth, that I know of, proclaims
If their fortune a plum was or penny.

3

But I guess that their purse was in pretty good case,
For, since in the moon there no seas are,
In lent-time, to get all their fish from our bays,
Must have cost them an infinite treasure.

4

And whether this man hath a nose, I declare
That it formeth no part of my knowledge,
Nor whether in youth his complexion was fair,
Nor if he, or not, went to college.

5

I've told you already much more than I know,
Or could swear to, in court called to prove it,
Since I ne'er to the moon had a good chance to go,
Nor if I had one, would improve it.

6

And now, lovely maid, I have shown you, I hope,
And henceforward forever you'll know it,
That though I demand not the fame of a Pope,
I call myself somewhat a poet.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Boston, Jan. 2, 1811.

Gentlemen, I call myself a very plain man, and if the following ideas upon female education please you, I should be very happy to have them published.

FEMALE EDUCATION : WITH ADVICE TO LADIES ON THE STUDY OF LATIN.

Design of the following remarks.

I. IN the few remarks, which I have to make, on this subject, I shall endeavour rather to pro-

pose what is possible and convenient, in practical application, than what is beautiful and ingenious, in theory. I know that there are men, who from following too implicitly, wherever their metaphysical reasonings lead them, have been induced to prescribe to each sex the same studies and the same mental discipline. For this system there may be plausible arguments ; but who wishes to reason, about matters of intuitive opinion? In all studies and all pursuits, the ultimate view is to utility. Who then would adorn the female mind with learning, that would unfit it for the parlour or the nursery ? That a great deal of learning, which would be very useful for men, is of no consequence to women, has generally been allowed. But it has not been so much considered, whether there is not some learning valuable for a woman, that is not for a man. To this question the following remarks are directed.

Peculiar duty of women.

There is no duty, consigned by nature to women so important as that, which intrusts them with the oversight of children in the years of infancy. We need not adopt the extreme opinions of the Helvetian school, which are very ridiculous, to allow that the character of a man depends mainly on the impressions, which his mind receives in youth. For her then, who is to stamp these impressions, by her precepts and example, are there no peculiar qualifications ?

Qualifications for this duty. First, Religion.

Surely it is of most serious importance first, that her religion be rational, but serious. Her religion must be rational, that the mind may not in its infancy be imbued with superstition. Childhood and youth are not the ages of reason. While they last, we are truly the children of faith. While they last too, a gloom may be hung over the mind, which no subsequent inquiries of maturer years will avail to dispel. Her religion too must be serious and earnest ; for the youthful mind is as much

inclined to one extreme as to the other, and probably to that of levity, more than to that of superstition.

Second, Patience.

A woman need next be endowed with a patient spirit of resolute perseverance. The trials of the nursery are as vexatious, as those of the senate or the field; and it requires no ordinary share of patience, to listen with unruffled calmness to complaints, dictated by no wants or injuries, and to the cries of infant lassitude, ill-humour, or sickness. Patient fortitude is necessary to restrain those impulses of maternal affection, which might grant to the petitions of a little child, what prudence would deny; and to endure those cries, which indulgence might pacify.

Third, Good Humour.

Good humour is another excellent maternal grace: good-humour, which is determined to be cheerful, and to strive to make others so. There may be religion, and there may be patient fortitude, unenlivened by the vivacity of good-humour; but the one will be liable to be mysterious and awful, the other to be stupid or obstinate. Men are made for society, and as good-humour is a fundamental social virtue, it should be exhibited before children, as soon as they are capable of perceiving its difference from sullenness and gloom. There is no doubt but numberless other virtues might be enumerated, which have their influence in improving a mother. Those, which I have mentioned, are, I believe, the most prominent.

There is some discipline, best calculated to bestow these qualifications.

Now it certainly must be true, that a peculiar mental discipline is best calculated to create, encourage, and expand these virtues and graces. A man, destined for posts of diplomacy, is early instituted in the history of politicks. A warrior or military student is taught practical geometry; and a clergyman ought to be taught Greek and Hebrew. Why then should not the books, which our ladies read, and the studies which they pursue, be such as will suit them to fill

with intelligence and propriety the office entrusted to them by nature? They certainly should be; books therefore of rational and practical morality, or such as, by their tendency, inculcate it, should receive an important part of female attention.

It is not the duty of mothers to give literary instructions to their children.

I have said nothing about the instruction of children by their mothers, which some writers, especially of the female sex, have much insisted on. That part of elementary literary instruction, which our forms of education require to be learnt at home, is so small, that it admits of nothing like diversity of system. When a child has arrived to that age, the mode of instruction of which has been a matter of variety in opinion, it is high time that fathers and masters begin so take charge of his education.

Ladies do not study Latin.

II. But women, as well as men, have much time, which the duties of life and the calls of business spare for the gratification of their taste and the amusement of their curiosity. This is, I fear, by most ladies, consumed at best in the reading of some good history, or some excellent poem. French indeed, a little of it, is common enough, and Florian is in the library of many ladies. But Boileau is hard, and Racine is dry; while a novel is easy and interesting. Our ladies do not employ their French in that application of it, to which it were best devoted, viz. the study of the Latin. What a disgrace is it, that Horace, Virgil, and Cicero should have written only for a male posterity! But that this disgrace exists will be confessed, when we count over the short list of the Greys, Daciers, Montagues, and Smiths. I would give a few reasons why ladies ought to study Latin.

Reasons why they should.
1. It is a natural use of their minds.

First, because, as they are rational beings, every honourable exercise of their reason is worth their while. What is the natural cause, and where is the constitutional necessity of confining

a particular set of liberal studies to men, when the other sex are equally qualified for their pursuit? It is in vain to say that the knowledge of the classical languages discovers its principal utility, in fitting men for those professions, which are peculiarly theirs. The fact is notoriously different. The principal value of classical studies is found, in the improvement of the taste, acquired in their pursuit; in the mental refinement which they produce; in the knowledge of our own language, which their acquaintance confers; and in the satisfaction of that liberal curiosity, which generous minds feel. In all these ends and objects women are equally interested with men.

2. The knowledge of Latin would amuse their hours of leisure.

Another reason, that should induce ladies to study Latin, is the occupation, which its acquaintance would provide for their hours of domestick leisure. They should learn to read Latin, for the same reason, that they learn to read English; that their innocent and useful means of employing the intervals of active duty, may be multiplied. Will not the mind, which is endowed with those nice sensibilities, that delicate taste, and those quick perceptions, which characterise the female intellect, receive an exquisite delight in the perusal of Virgil? Will not the good woman, who knows the responsibility which she is under, to educate her children faithfully and carefully to the practice of virtue, and to propriety of deportment, find assistance as well as pleasure in the reading of Tully's Offices? And will not she, who is not ashamed to see her fingers stained with ink, who sometimes writes a serious letter to a friend, and sometimes collects and transcribes from her understanding her own thoughts, be made wiser and happier by an acquaintance with Horace's Epistles?

3. This knowledge is easily gained.

Cannot too an inducement to the study of Latin be found in the consideration, that this

mighty prize of instruction and entertainment is to be gained by little labour? Yes, ladies, by less labour, and by the devotion of less time, than you must give to your Pianos; by less labour, than you must devote to the acquisition of drawing, and I had almost said in less time, than you must give to your dancing. Yet no lady finds that either or all of these accomplishments make unanswerable calls on her time. It seems strange that there is found room for hesitation: that ladies doubt, and ponder, and finally neglect to enter the glorious temple of Roman taste, literature, and science, when a few months' initiation will expand to them its doors, and display to them its splendours.

4. This knowledge would be the source of fame.

If the love of fame is any motive to the female mind, it should have a powerful influence, in inciting it to the study of Latin. Alas! what a crown of distinction would a knowledge of the classical languages be to a lady. How preeminent and singular would those ladies be, who could converse with Tully and Virgil, without the assistance of an interpreter.

5. This knowledge is gained without foreign assistance.

Remember, lastly, that this fame may be acquired by your unassisted exertions. Your fine musick, your elegant drawing, your graceful dancing, and your fashionable French, must be learnt from masters. You must attend their lessons, and obey their instructions. But for the acquisition of Latin, you want but a reasonable share of common sense, a little patience, a grammar, and a dictionary. At the expense therefore of a few dollars, and a year's labour, you may soar with Virgil on the wings of majesty, or call on Tully at his Tusculan villa. How little have you spared whatever expense of time or money, which might adorn you with accomplish-
..ts, that are at best but charming? I cannot think then that you require farther exhortation, to acquire at less cost

and by less labour, an accomplishment, which is better than charming and better than graceful.

——————————— I would have
A lady, indeed, t' have all, letters and arts,
Be able to discourse, and write. *B. Jonson.*

THE HISTORY OF JOHN SALUS: WITH THE ARGUMENT OF AN EPICK.

Ye, that have tossed in vexation upon the bed of sickness, and waited with anxiety the visit of the Doctor; who expect that the assiduity of your nurse will watch over your slumbers, and who look for the supply of your deficiency in the strength of her health, listen to the history of John Salus, yeoman.

The nurse sleeps sweetly, hired to watch the sick,
Whom snoring she disturbs. *Cowper.*

To be sick, it need hardly be said, is a bad thing. To part with that blessing, which gives all other blessings their value, to part, even for a time, with health, may teach us to pity those, who are condemned to the pangs of cureless disease, or to the wretched misery of chronical complaints. But unpleasant as sickness is, and uncongenial as it is to our nature, it may have *ses agremens*. There are circumstances of comfort, which may reach the bed of the hottest fever. One of these, and the most important perhaps and efficacious, is the prompt assiduity of affectionate attendance. He only, whose tongue has been parched and blackened by the quenchless fires of disease, can tell the exquisite delights, which usher in the salubrious pill, when its form and its savour are equally concealed by the charming jelly or luscious marmalade. But these delights, exquisite and wonderful as they are, may be heightened. If the spoon be presented by

compassion, that pities our pain, by sympathy, that partakes its pangs, by unwearied good humour, that tolerates its fretfulness, and narrative vivacity, that beguiles its force, the patient, cheated of his petulance, of his disease, and his weakness, swallows the pill, and "smacks his lips for more." But if, when the physician's prescriptions have marked every watch of the night, by a draught or potion, and the sleepless sick-man has counted the clocks, till the hour is come, he must then strain his weak lungs to reach the ear, or throw his hardly-reached and barely-tossed shoe to reach the head of a snoring nurse, and if he must experience, when she is awaked, the ill-humour of disturbed slumbers and broken dreams, his case is indeed lamentable. Well is it for him, if her half-closed eyes do not bring him the laudanum for the elixir, or the calomel for the burnt alum. Some of these observations are intended as a preface to the following story.

John Salus was born with a robust constitution of body, and was educated by parents and masters that taught him the contempt of pain. Having passed through the customary preparatory schools, he entered the college with all that pomp of hardihood, which his manner of life had placed high in his estimation. He applied himself to study, with a tremendous assiduity, which could perhaps be sustained by the constitution, which he was wont to boast, but not by that, strong as it was, which he possessed. Obstinacy and resolution will, no doubt, accomplish wonders, but not miracles. Salus studied by night and day without relaxation for respite, digestion, or thought. He piled up the acquisition of book upon book, till his mind was surfeited with ideas which it could not arrange, and his body worn down with toils, which it could not tolerate. To have perceived the menace of threatening sickness, and to have taken that timely stitch, which should have saved nine, would have savour-

ed, to the mind of our hero, of that conscious pusillanimity, which he ever disclaimed, and which he determined to evince he did not feel. Still therefore he studied: still, with blood-shotten eyes, pallid cheeks, and aching head, he underwent the exertions and courted the toils, which had subdued the vigour of his robust health. It need hardly be observed that he became sick, very sick. There is a point at which perseverance is ridiculous, and there is a point too, at which it is distraction. Our hero had been ridiculous enough, but was not quite distracted. Unable to deny, what his whole aspect proclaimed, unable to illuminate the eye, which was strained by excessive use, unable to dress his complexion in that bloom, which had faded at his literary vigils; he gave up his books, and confessed that he was sick. He had now to exchange his arm chair for a bed, his books for the legends, that were pictured on its curtains, and the sturdy diet of commons for the slip-slop doses and nauseous pills of the patient. Cheyne has said that the body will hardly be cured, till the mind sympathize in its convalescence. The mind of Salus was turbulent and discontented: he was dissatisfied with his situation, for he had been brought to it by acting upon his deliberate principles, which he was unwilling to relinquish. Sleep was to him a stranger. Or if some troubled, uneasy slumbers might be called sleep, they left him affrighted at the horrible combinations of monstrous terrour, which haunt the restless pillow of sickness.

It might have been previously observed, that to his other mental graces, Salus added a most irritable temper. He was not merely what is commonly called *cross*, but was snappish and petulant to a degree equally inconceivable and intolerable. And now that his natural irritability was quickened by the vexations of sickness, and his ever tremulous nerves rendered doubly sensible by its pains; you

might have as soon approached the lioness by her cubs, as ventured a kind look or compassionate inquiry before poor John. A complication of ill fortune contrived that his nurse should be a woman, in whom an unhappy temper had been rendered morose by adversity, and acidified by cordials. Nor had the influence of these cordials been addressed only to her temper, they had created a most sorporifick disposition in her nerves. To see the candles lighted up and the usual preparations made for watching, and to begin to yawn, were to her events inseparably connected and invariably coincident.

I fear I shall be suspected at least of aggravating unfortunate truths, and I hesitate while I add one more circumstance; that the sleep of this nurse was unequivocally distinguished from the sleep of death. A snore, that set all hope of sleep from others, and all patience to suffer equally at defiance, was the prompt herald of the commencement, and faithful attendant on the duration of her repose. Her engagements had prevented her attendance on Salus, the two or three first nights of his confinement. The fourth day she came; and our hero felt considerable satisfaction at the sight of such a potent guardian of his midnight hours. Midnight came, the attendants took their leave, and the fire was replenished. Salus was oppressed with the tedious hours of these sleepless nights, and hoped, yea, expected at least to catch a nap. But his nurse did something more than hope and expect. She actually slept, and slept like another Stentor. Gladly would I paint the foaming rage and impotent indignation of our hero. He tried to halloo, but his diseased lungs refused their office. He tried to attain his shoes, to throw them, but they were far beyond his reach. Invention was a moment at a stand, but she resumed her functions; and Salus, in a moment of furious desperation, seized the bowl, which had contained his gruel,

and threw it with an arm, that disease had weakened, but which rage had nerved with transitory vigour, at the head of his luckless nurse. His aim had been correct, and the effect was wonderful. Mrs. Nurse started up, saw the fragments of the shivered bowl, and divined the object of its mission. Our hero resembled the poor eels of old: he had exchanged the frying-pan for the fire. His nurse's snoring had been loud enough, and vexatious enough; what then must have been her scolding? As her fury was to be vented on a new object, all her common-places of abuse were novel and poignant. Poor Salus lay in bed, unable to rise, and heard the most intolerable abuse, and abominable bawling which ever issued from the mouth of a scold. Wrought up to a pitch of indignation, that he could not sustain, and wearied and stunned by the din of her clamour, our hero fainted. When he recovered, he awoke to a better consciousness of the whole truth. His hearty constitution might have borne the attack perhaps of severer disorders, but his mind had received a blow whose disgrace was ruinous. Proud as he was, he could have endured all those calamities, which conquer mortal strength, and deride human resistance; but to have fainted at the clamours of a scold, this he thought was less than manly.

The idea preyed on his mind, and he sunk into a profound melancholy. The mental disorder grew upon him, for he summoned no force of spirits, to assist the efficacy of medicine, and looked upon recovery as undeniable and formidable. His nightly visions, in his delirium, were frightful and shocking. He raved of scolding nurses with a million tongues, all clattering in fatal unison. He thought he passed the waves of Styx, and appeared at the infernal tribunal, that he was convicted of crimes, and for punishment delivered over to his nurse. The sight of a woman soon became an abomination to him; and how desperate is

the case of that man who hates to see a woman ! For a long time his original disease increased, and his death seemed to draw nigh. While this final event was impending, and at the crisis of the fever, which symptoms had fortold would be fatal, his aspect changed, and he began to mend. His health improved, his cheeks began to look fresh, and his eyes to sparkle. But his friends sometimes thought that his eye had a crazy brightness and that the bloom on his cheeks was intermittent and hectick. Still he grew better, left his bed, and returned to his desk. But the intensity of ambition and pride of perseverance were fled from him. His abstruse studies, his dry books, and dull pursuits were neglected. He did nothing but write poetry. But he did not write as other young poets do. He poured forth no sonnets to his mistress, for he never loved any woman, and now he hated all. He produced no simple pastorals, for he despised the unlettered rudeness of the country ; no odes and songs, for he was neither a Bacchanalian nor a singer. His time was employed on Epick strains. One Epick poem after another he projected, till you would have thought him exhausted in the mere invention of plans. But his mind was little exerted, in the production of these monsters of poetry,* as the leading features were in all the same.

Over the wreck of his genius one may surely sigh, and lament the eccentrick cause that blighted his hopes.

* The following is the argument of the first book of one of these strange productions, which he called the ' WANDERING JEW.'

Elisha's birth—Education and marriage—His wife a dreadful scold—Afflictions of Elisha—His wife stuns his ears and breaks his heart—Journey of Elisha to Jerusalem—Is met by a Devil in the shape of a Scold—Returns home late at night and finds the door barred—The noise of opening it wakes his wife—She prevents his slumbers by her reproaches and turbulence—Elisha's soul revolts, and he leaves his home forever.

OXFORD, AND ENGLISH EDUCATION.

IT is impossible to avoid gratefully acknowledging the preeminent services which the university of Oxford has rendered to the cause of letters. The wealth and splendour of her establishments, unequalled as they are, correspond to the number and fame of her sons. No institution in any age could ever boast of so brilliant a catalogue of illustrious scholars deeply versed in every department of ancient and modern literature. Publick and private munificence has contributed to render Oxford not more the subject of national pride to England, than of admiration to the learned world. Her great antiquity, too, renders her yet more venerable; in the learning of every age, in all its changes and successive reformations, she has been conspicuous, and has produced the acutest disputants in metaphysicks, and the most accomplished classical scholars.

Cambridge, indeed, has opposed herself a as rival to Oxford, and the claims of the two universities have been ably discussed; but these disputes, at least those which have appeared in written controversy, have chiefly related to their respective claims to antiquity. Twine, fellow of C. C. Coll. maintained the antiquity of Oxford in a book entitled "Antiquitatis Academiæ Oxoniensis Apologia," in answer to Cay, who supported the rival claims of Cambridge in his book "De Antiquitate Acad. Cantab." This controversy commenced in 1608, but soon subsided, and the fullest evidencc was decidedly in favour of Oxford. Cambden, who died about 1620, and who, according to Wood, possessed more learning than any man of his time in Christendom, asserts, "that wise antiquity did even in the British age "consecrate this place (Oxford) to the muses;" and it is well known, for it is universally acknowledged by historians, that Alfred rather endowed than founded the university.

It is however very natural, that two literary establishments, both so respectable, as well for the learning of their members, as for the ample provision for their support, should display much of the spirit of emulation and rivalship, and that one should be reluctant to allow any superiority to the other. Cambridge therefore contends for the preeminence of her scholars; but it is pretty evident that she is far surpassed in this respect by her sister university;—indeed, the following circumstance amounts almost to an absolute proof. Of those authors contained in a book "De illustribus Angliæ scriptoribus,"* three hundred and eighty were educated at Oxford, and only one hundred and ten at Cambridge. That the former university has degenerated, no unprejudiced man will seriously assert, who calls to mind the eminent scholars and authors which she has produced within the two last centuries. Magnificent endowments, large and splendid libraries afford advantages to the diligent and laborious scholar, which are equalled, certainly not at Cambridge, perhaps in no institution in the world. So great is the value and rarity of the books and manuscripts in the Bodleian library alone, that the learned used often to resort to Oxford from all parts of the continent, to consult those precious relicks of antiquity. This library is indeed the "deliciæ literatorum;" nor are we surprised at the enthusiasm of King James, who, when he visited it in 1605, exclaimed, "Si "unquam mihi in fatis sit, ut captivus ducar, si mihi dare-"tur optio, hoc cuperem carcere concludi, his catenis illi-"gari, cum hisce captivis concatenatis ætatem agere."

But it is the misfortune of great establishments, always to have enemies in the multitude of those who are excluded from their advantages, who suffer from their power, who are jealous of their influence, and even of some, whose principal reason is, that they have no share in their government. Vanity or disappointment often creates sectarian opinions,

* Published in 1620.

and bitter, though undeserved reproaches. The unavoidable imperfections, too, of institutions founded on an extensive basis furnish their enemies convenient and plausible pretexts for attacking them; and those enemies rarely fail to magnify the most trivial faults into monstrous deformities. Such has been the fate of the English universities, and especially of Oxford She contributes too much to the literary glory of England, of which she has for so many ages been the chief ornament and support, to escape the violence of national antipathies.

Oxford is not less the firm defender of religion, than of literature. The purest morality and the best learning have alike received her patronage, and have flourished under her fostering care. To this illustrious institution we are to attribute much of that uniform excellence, and stability, and purity, which have always characterised English literature. As England remained unshaken by the tremendous revolution in France, so she happily escaped the correspondent change in her religious and literary character. In the former nation, Christianity has not degenerated, much less has it been extirpated; but on the contrary, it has been powerfully guarded, and upheld, and enforced, by the excellent principles, and the pure learning, taught in her seminaries. But in France, the degeneracy of her civil and religious institutions is communicated to her systems of education and study:—the best of all learning, that which refines and improves the taste, which inculcates the precepts of ancient wisdom, which instructs in the duties of morality, which enlightens in religious knowledge, and illustrates religious truths, and above all, that which purifies and amends the heart;—all this is neglected and forgotten; and the incalculable loss is poorly, poorly indeed, compensated by those pursuits, which in that impious nation, at least, have proved the almost constant companions of skepticism and infidelity. But

the great objects of sound literature, which have just been enumerated, have been ardently and successfully pursued in the literary institutions of England, particularly in its brightest ornament, the university of Oxford. Some further remarks on the character of English education and of the institution which has so large a share in forming and directing it, are reserved for the next number.

DR. OWEN.

IT is well known that the puritans boasted of Dr. Owen as one of their ablest leaders, and that he is recognised by "the orthodox" dissenters in England as one of the most learned divines that have ever honoured their cause. In his numerous controversies with the clergy of the established church, he displayed more acuteness and erudition than any of his brethren, and he is acknowledged by one (Dr. E. Stillingfleet), who was engaged in controversy with him, to have used *civility and decent language*. This last virtue is the more remarkable, as the flaming fanaticks with whom he sided generally disregarded all rules of decency in their slanderous attacks on the establishment and its members. We shall receive no inadequate idea of the political animosities, and of the *odium theologicum*, which raged so violently in the times in which he lived, from observing the contrast between two characters which were written of him, the one by a nonconformist, and the other by a friend to the "hierarchy."

"He is," says the nonconformist, "a reverend man, a "doctor of divinity of much gravity, and of long standing, "excellent learning, and in all sorts of it for his profession, "of dignity in his time as much as any have been capable "of, a person of noted constant piety, and of studious life,

" of universal affability, ready presence and discourse, liber-
" al, graceful, and courteous demeanour, &c."

On the other hand, the zealous churchman observes of him, " That he is a servant of Jesus Christ in the work of " the Gospel, and that in the same sense as the innocent, " meek, and devout Christian is the servant of the devil " in the work and vassalage of sin. He is a blas- " phemer, a perjured person, a libeller of authority, " &c. He praises God for shedding the blood of Christ- " ian kings, and their loyal subjects. He is guilty of " reiterated perjuries against that God whom he confidently " affirmed to be inspirer of all prayers." Another says of Dr. Owen, that " there is scarce a principle of blasphemy or " rebellion in the Alcoran that that wretch hath not vouch- " ed upon divine authority. He is a person of such a rank " complexion, that he would have vied with Mahomet him- " self, both for boldness and imposture, &c."

Notwithstanding these imputations on his moral character, his deep and extensive knowledge seems to have been undisputed; and it is confessed by those who are no friends to his opinions, that he was well skilled, particularly, in Rabbinical learning and Jewish antiquities. But we cannot wonder at the reproaches cast on him by those to whose injury and discredit all his efforts were so zealously and powerfully directed. He obtained a surprising ascendancy over his party, by his ingenious and plausible expositions of the prophecies, in which he could show, to their perfect satisfaction, that the finger of God directed all the measures which they pursued. The feelings and animosities which so unfairly represent the characters of those who are obnoxious to them, cease to affect the reputation of this eminent divine; and he is now universally acknowledged to have been one of the most polite, as well as learned writers, that have ever appeared against the church of England.